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A Living Door.

(W. F. Clift, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

The sun was setting over the hills around the little town of Nazareth, when a traveller stopped to rest and to gaze down upon the valley beneath him. Far away in the distance his eye caught a certain object, which seemed to be moving nearer and nearer.

LEADING HOME THE FLOCK.

By and by he saw distinctly that it was a shepherd leading home his flock of sheep for their night's rest. Darkness would soon fall, and the traveller knew that the hour was late, but he lingered, fascinated by the sight in the valley below. He could see at the foot of the hill a little building evidently intended for a sheepfold.

'But it is very strange,' thought he; 'the sheep certainly rested there last night, for I can see straw scattered about on the ground; the walls are strong and thick, but—there is no door! So the place is absolutely useless as a protection against thieves and wild beasts.'

All this time the shepherd was going quietly on with his work. Now he had reached the fold, and one by one the sheep entered until they were all safely inside.

'It is very late,' said the traveller to himself, 'but I cannot leave until I see what the shepherd means to do for the protection of his sheep.'

The man was busy now providing them with food for their evening meal, and soon the sheep all settled down to feed and rest for the night. Then the shepherd brought out his own food. Taking his provisions with him, he seated himself in the very middle of the opening, where there was no door.

His meal finished, he laid his shepherd's crook beside him, wrapped his cloak around him, and lay down across the open space to rest. He himself was the door, and no harm or danger could come to the sheep during those long night watches, without first passing over the shepherd's body.

Is not this a wonderful picture of what our Lord Jesus Christ meant when He said:

'I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall go in and out and find pasture.'

Oh! the blessed safety of all who enter by that door into the fold of God—the fold in which no pain, no sorrow, no trial, can touch them unless the One, who is the Door allow it to enter. Only what is best for His sheep can touch them and the Shepherd knows all about it, for surely what touches them has touched Him first, because He is the Door.

Prayer and the Power of the Holy Spirit.

'Life of Faith.'

More than a quarter of a century ago there were several ladies in a New England town who carried one burden of life in common—their husbands were unconverted men. Either they were unconverted when they married them, or, as often happens, the wives themselves had been brought to the Lord while their husbands had not. Having a common sorrow, it naturally became a subject for conversation and mutual counsel. It is needless to say they had all prayed for their husbands; still the answer was delayed. At length they all agreed to hold a special prayer-meeting with the distinct object of asking for the conversion of their husbands. Accordingly they met for a special session of prayer.

Prayer kindled their hearts, and their prayers became prevailing prayers; they believed while they yet prayed, and the Lord sent answers while they were yet speaking. The husband of one of these ladies had mounted his horse, and had ridden some distance from home upon a very worldly business. The Spirit of God spoke to him, his pace slackened, finally he stopped and pondered the considerations which arose in his mind. Then, turning his horse homeward, he returned to his house, shut himself in a room, and diligently sought the Lord. In due course he came forth to meet his wife a new and converted man.

The husband of another of these praying ladies was about the same time attending a dance. He was standing with his back to a fireplace, looking down the ballroom, when a friend came up to him, and, with a look of surprise said: 'Why, what is the matter? You look more like a man attending a funeral than a dance!' He replied: 'While I have been standing here the thought has come into my mind, What shall become of all those people dancing there when, in but a little time, they shall have passed to the grave and to eternity?' His friend followed his fixed gaze down the saloon, and then heard him say: 'I cannot bear to think of it.' He immediately left the room with tears in his eyes, and sought a quiet place to pour out his prayer to God for his own salvation, as well as his companions.

As far as I can recollect, all, or nearly all, the husbands of these ladies were converted.

No kind of circumstances makes any difference to the Spirit of God when He comes to convict of sin. The secrecy of the mind, which no other meddleth with, is open to Him; the hidden man is ever in privacy to all but God. Brownlow North was sitting at the card-table, deep in the play, when the Holy Spirit brought to him the sense of death. He arose and went to his room. There, to his horror, a maid was lighting the fire. He hesitated a moment, but felt his soul stood in the balance; then, falling on his knees, he cried to God for mercy. He relates how his interest in everything but the one thing needful so completely left that, although the events leading to the Crimean War came on, he knew nothing of them all until he heard someone on the top of a coach tell of the battle of Inkerman. He had become the subject of the prayers of others. What wonderful transformations occur under the power of the Spirit of God!

The Secret of a Quiet Heart.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be.

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair,
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.
—Exchange.

A Second-hand Life.

'A little while ago,' said Mrs. Dening, 'I was in Norwich. I went into a shop to buy a dress. When I had selected one and was paying the young person for it, I said, "Now, you'll be sure and send me this dress?" "Oh, yes, ma'am." "You'll send it to me now, at once, to-day?" "Certainly, ma'am." "You won't take it and wear it out first, and then send it to me when it is worn out, will you?" The young women seemed quite hurt and offended. "Why, you surely don't know our house, ma'am; this is one of the first houses in Norwich; of course, we should not dream of such disgraceful conduct! I never heard of such a thing!" "My dear young friend," said I, "are you not serving the Lord Jesus Christ so? Are you not wearing out your precious life, which he bought and paid for, in the service of the world and self and sin and Satan? Have you given him what is his own right of purchase? You are not your own; you are bought with a price! Have you given yourself, body, soul and spirit to God?" The young woman burst into tears, and said, "O, ma'am, no one ever spoke to me about my soul since my mother died." '—The 'Christian.'

Will God Guide us by Special Bible Texts?

How to learn one's duty in an emergency, is a question that perplexes many a sincere child of God. A disciple in Pennsylvania, who has been in doubt on this point, writes:

'Will you kindly let me know whether you believe that, when one is deeply perplexed and is seeking light from God, and, going to the Bible, finds a verse seemingly peculiarly adapted to his case, he is safe in assuming it to be an answer from God? A girl went on the witness-stand to be cross-examined before a noted lawyer. At night she read the verse, "Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate before what ye shall answer; for I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." On subsequent occasions verses seemingly as direct and pertinent came, when trying to decide between two courses of action. I have heard preachers say that one should not rely for direction in this way. What is your opinion?

It depends on the spirit and needs of the seeker, on the circumstances of the particular case, and on the proper application of the Bible passage. In the case of the young girl who was to go on the witness-stand, and who could not prepare herself beforehand by study, the Bible passage properly encouraged her to believe that God would surely help her. But if it had been her lesson in school that she was looking forward to, she would have had no right to infer from the text that God would not have her take thought and study beforehand. And so if it had been a clergyman who had to preach a sermon. His plain duty would have been to take thought beforehand what he was to say. Yet he ought to depend on God's help, notwithstanding his best and most thorough study. If, however, a child of God be honestly in doubt as to his duty, with no known way of finding it out, he can confidently ask it from God, and can expect help accordingly. It may come through a remembered text, or a verse in his Bible reading for the day; or it may come by the voice of God speaking to his heart. If God's help be really needed, and honestly and in trustful faith be sought, God will find a way of giving help. We cannot say beforehand just how it will come to us or to another. God's promise as to this point is distinct and positive. 'If any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask (that wisdom) of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not (for the lack); and it (the wisdom) shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing doubting' (James i., 5). That promise stands sure. Thousands have had it verified to them through the suggestion of particular texts, coming as an answer in a time of need; and thousands have had it answered in other ways. The promise is sure to be verified; as to the mode of answer, we cannot know in advance.—'Sunday School Times.'

How many interesting things are all around us unnoticed! A New Haven physician travelling in Germany was so much taken with a diminutive clock exhibited in a window that he bought it to take home as a curiosity. His surprise may be imagined when, upon opening it to wind it, he found the imprint of the company whose manufactury was within half a dozen blocks of his own home at New Haven. So it is that many a man goes to hear some famous preacher, not knowing that every Sunday in his own church he is listening to one just as good.—'Forward.'

The Sceptic's Lesson.

An English earl, who was a sceptic, was travelling not so long ago in the Fiji Islands. 'You are a great chief,' he said to one man, 'and it is a pity for you to listen to those missionaries. Nobody believes any more in that old Book called the Bible that they try to teach you, that you have been so foolish as to be taken in by, nor in that story of Jesus Christ—we have all learned better.' The eyes of the chief flashed as he replied: 'Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we crushed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, if it hadn't been for the good missionaries and that old Book, and the great love of Jesus Christ which has changed us from savages into God's children, you would never leave this spot. You have reason to thank God, for without it you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on you in no time.'—The 'Presbyterian.'

Clear Shining After Rain.

All ye children of God who are under the peltings of poverty, or the downpour of disappointments, or the blizzards of adversity, 'think it not strange, as though some strange thing had happened unto you.' Millions have had the same experiences before you. No storm ever drowned a true believer, or washed out the foundations of his hope. The trial of your faith will be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of your Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Two things ought to give you courage. One is that our Lord loves to honor and reward unwavering faith. He permits the storm to test you, and then sends the smile of His sunshine to reward you. Another thought is that the skies are never so brilliantly blue as when they have been washed by a storm. The countenance of Jesus is never so welcome and lovable as when He breaks forth upon us—a sun of consolation and joy after trials.

Long years ago, on a day of thick fog and pouring rain, I ascended a mountain by an old bridle path over the slippery rocks. A weary, disappointed company we were when we reached the cabin on the summit. But toward evening a mighty wind swept away the banks of mist, the body of the blue heavens stood out in its clearness, and before us was revealed the magnificent landscape stretching away to the sea. That scene was at the time, and has often been since, a sermon to my soul. It taught me that faith's stairways are over steep and slippery rocks; often through blinding storms; but God never loses His hold on us, and if we endure to the end, He will yet bring us out into the clear shining after rain. —T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything—Sterne.

Old People.

I want to say a word to the old people. I see you wherever I go. I see you on the street cars. The conductor gives the cord an extra rest when you get on or off, out of courtesy to your slow steps. I see you at church. You nod sometimes, but the sermon is not complete without your smile of approval. I see you in the warmest corner of the hearth reading the paper.

You have one great temptation—it is to think that your days of usefulness are over. You are only in the way, so you feel, and you'd better be out of the world.

It is a great mistake. If the Lord thought that old people were useless, he would have devised some way suddenly to get rid of them.

What makes a person useful? Not ability to work. A baby cannot earn a penny, cannot do a stroke of work, yet it is often the most important factor in the household. Baby's coming often makes father 'straighten up'; often unites the estranged hearts of husband and wife, often brings sobriety and industry into the home life.

An old man sitting in an armchair, feeble and helpless, may be the most useful member of the household. Let me say three things to you:

1. Old people are a blessing because of their accumulated wisdom. You have made the journey of life. You have the rich experience. That boy is a bright boy who forms the acquaintance of some aged person.

2. Old people supply a necessary conservative force. You make society more stable. You bring reverence to it. The age that is wise rises before the hoary head.

3. Old people link us to heaven. You remind us of the future life. 'My old mother knows how to pray,' said a merchant recently to me. You bind us to the throne of God.

The earth would be positively poor without you. I am not sure that you are the most useful members of society.—'Advance.'

Mr. Spurgeon's Daily Text.

In the early days of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching he was greatly abused. His wife, to fortify him, had the following text hung up in their home. It was read by the great preacher every morning:

'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you' (Matt. v., 1, 12).

He whose money is in the work of God may work twenty-four hours a day at saving men.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Near-by Star.

Sit not blindfold, soul, and sigh
For the immortal by and by!
Dreamer, seek not heaven afar
On the shores of some strange star!
This a star is—this, thine earth!
Here the germ awakes to birth
Of God's sacred life in thee,
Heir of immortality.

—Edward Mortimer.

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

'See there!' he shouted, 'that bee has seen the dandelion's yellow sign-board, and has called for honey. Now, I'm going to see if, as you say, he pays for the honey by carrying round the dusty stuff. I vow,' he added, bending near the freebooter of the spring, 'he is all covered with yellow dust!'

'Let us have a look at the yellow dust,' said Mr. Llewellyn; 'pick several different kinds of flowers.'

They were passing along a woody district, where a brook ran between sloping banks, and made in its spring overflow wide spots of semi-marsh land. In a few minutes, from such fortunate botanical circumstances, they had secured adder-tongue, sanguinaria, bell-hyacinth, and dandelions. Mr. Llewellyn prepared his strongest microscope, and stuck a little dandelion-pollen upon a piece of glass. Rasmus watched in wonder and a half-superstitious awe as of necromancy, when successive grains of pollen from various flowers were showed him, all differing, and on the glass the simple dust became beads of carved amber, filigree of gold, chaplets of pearls, spun silver, marvels of fairy waxwork; then to learn that each of these lovely atoms was a little bag, and each sack was full of liquid, in which forever quivered a little glittering atom of ceaseless motion, as the beating heart of the plant.

'What is it?' cried Rodney.

'I do not know,' said Mr. Llewellyn; 'I can only tell you that if that atom ceased to tremble in the pollen-case, the pollen would be worthless, and would not vivify a seed.'

'What I asks,' said Rasmus, with insistance, 'is, what's life?'

'I don't know,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

'Not? Why, you're studying flowers all the time, I thought you knowed all about 'em.'

'You have lived twenty-six years,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'Now, do you tell me what your life is.'

'Why,' said Rasmus, 'It's—being alive—not dead.'

'The wisest man you may ask,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'will not be able to tell you much more clearly. He can only explain "life" by some word or phrase meaning the same thing. His answer can be brought down to about your terms. Life is being alive. However far and bravely we may travel on any path of knowledge, we come at last to some river too deep for us to cross, some way too high for us to scale. The man who has studied nothing, can ask a question of very simple form, too hard for any student to answer. You were angry at the operator in the telegraph-office, who, after he showed all he had to show, declined to tell you what electricity was. You made sure he ought to know what he was daily handling; he only knew how to handle it, just as you know how to take care of your life, to shield yourself from injury, and don't know what life is. What is that tree you are leaning against?'

It's a dead ash.'

'And the one beside it?'

'It's a live ash.'

'And one, all summer, will be clothed with leaf and beauty, the other will be barren sticks, all for that difference of a word, life or death. In all these things which we do not understand, we have only to say, "This is God acting in a way that we see and cannot explain, beyond a certain point." We reach the limit of our wisdom, "whether the chain of our knowledge is long or short, God is at the end."'

'That don't make it better to me; I don't like it a bit. I am worried by it,' said Rasmus.

'In the Bible,' God's book, it tells us the way to get over that. Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace. We are not apt to be in terror of a person with whom we are on friendly terms.'

Then Mr. Llewellyn walked on; he had told Rasmus enough, and thought he should study out some things for himself. The present upshot of Rasmus' thought was, that he did not want to hear any more about God, it made him uncomfortable, and he concluded that Rodney was a much more interesting talker than the naturalist.

A day or two after, it was unusually warm, and they stopped early for their noon rest. After a while, Mr. Llewellyn fell asleep. Rasmus was lying on his back, beneath a tree, his knees drawn up, and his hands under his head. Rodney had got into the tree, and was lying on a big limb, and looking down. Rodney felt like talking; he said, 'Rasmus, I'm going to tell you a story. Once upon a time this world had no people, nor trees, nor seas, nor houses, nor animals, nor grass on it. It was a big ball of fire; red-hot melted rocks, and it went whirling round and round so fast that for all it was just melted stuff, like the melted glass in the Pittsburg works, it didn't fly off or spill round.'

'I see a man once whirl a cup of water round so fast that it couldn't spill,' said Rasmus. 'I might believe that, but that about it's being red hot, that's yarns.'

'No, it's so. And now, this very day, it is red-hot in the middle. If you could dig clear in, you'd come to the red-hot melted rocks.'

'Yarns: cellars is dug in, and they're cooler than the house.'

'They're only dug a little way, and they're out of the sun. But there's mines, Rasmus, deep-down mines, where it is so hot the men have to pull off their shirts to work, and the sweat rolls off them.'

'Right you are, pardner; I mind now, a man told me he worked in one of them deep, hot mines.'

'Well! The world went whirling round, and it began to cool and cool, and made a crust, and a thicker crust. And there was an ocean over all of it.'

'Where did the water come from?' asked Rasmus.

'From vapor, or a kind of steam, and I can't explain where that came from, only it is made of gas.'

'You'd ought to go to college, and learn the rights of things,' observed Rasmus, with deep disdain.

'And this water was boiling hot, and sent off steam, miles and miles deep, round the world, so not a star or a sun could shine through. And when it all got cooler, and was lukewarm only, by reason of the fires inside, a moving and bubbling kept on, and some of the solid crust got lifted over the water, and that was land. And on that land things began to grow, and all the trees were moss and ferns, and that kind. What would you say, Rasmus, to moss, such as your head lies on, so tall you could not reach the top, and so thick you couldn't reach round it?'

'I should say it wasn't so,' said Rasmus, promptly.

'Well, it was so. And the ferns had stems as thick as oaks, and all the animals were giants. There were no men; but the animals, in the water and out, were the biggest things and the ugliest things ever you could fancy. There is nothing in the world so big and ugly now; great things they were, with scales and wings like bats, and long legs, and little heads, and huge teeth; all running round in a kind of warm fog, with no more light than a foggy day or twilight.'

'What became of the things?' asked Rasmus, with interest.

'O, they died. We find their bones, or their foot-tracks, and wise men put them together, and make pictures of them, and plaster-paris models of them. And all those big ferns and mosses have been roasted into coal, and boiled down into kerosene oil, and, you see, we fill our lamps and warm our toes by those things that were once forests, where these horrid creatures ran round, and chewed up the branches, and bellowed and fought each other.'

'I'm glad such things aint lyin' round loose now,' said Rasmus. 'I'd be afraid to sleep out of doors nights; and there would be no fun in tramping about if there were no flowers small enough to pick, and no birds or butterflies that were pretty, and whenever you turned a fence-corner, you might see a horrid dragon, with its mouth wide open, tearing round at you. It would be worse than bobbies.'

'It's a good thing you're satisfied with the world as it is.'

'O, I ain't satisfied with it, by no means,' said Rasmus. 'It is all out of kilter, I think. I wouldn't have any rich or poor in it, if I had my way. I don't think that is fair. If we hadn't been so poor when I was little, I would have had a home to be took to when I was hurt, and nobody would have carried off my little chap.'

'But you know you wouldn't have been so poor and had no home, if your father had not used up his money in drink. You would not have lived in the slums; he would have been a working mason, or a master; your mother would have stayed alive; you and Robin would have been in school; you wouldn't have been run over, and he wouldn't have been sent to the Friendless Home.'

'That's all so; but I've seen poor folks that had not spent their money on drink, real poor, too. If I had the making of the world I'd have no whiskey or beer in it.'

'What else would you have?'

'I'd empty all the stores and big houses, and divide up all things fair and even. Nobody should live in a palace, and no one should live in a cellar or a hut. Share and share alike, would be my plan. Nobody need work, and everybody should have a horse to ride. Every man should have roast-beef and garden-sass and apple-pie for dinner, and all should be as jolly as blackbirds.'

'And how long would that last?' asked Mr. Llewellyn.

'Why, forever.'

'Not six months, and I'll tell you why. When no one worked, in six months every ounce of dug coal and cut wood would be burned up; all the oil and gas and candles would be gone; and, more than that, all the food would be gone. The world is never more than six months off from famine, as a whole, If no work was done, and no man could keep or sell, or benefit himself in his work of producing food, by the end of six months all the world would have common share of—hunger. The horses every man had, would starve for lack of forage. All men being idle and pampered, would quarrel much more than they do now, and the streets would quickly be full of fights, and the wounded and dead; and, in a little time, of the starving. If you secured this beautiful state of Communism, there would be no government, and so no law, for law is no good without a government to keep it in force, and the object of government, as a great Latin writer says, is "that every man should have his own."'

'Well, if I had anything to lose, I'd agree to that. If I had my own, I'd want to keep it. As I haven't anything, I cry up all things even, and you'll find that's the case generally, boss. I reckon your Latin man was rich, and wanted to keep his own.'

'I can tell you what I think a great deal better style of arrangement than you have planned. I would allow no beer, liquor, wine, or strong drink of any kind to be made. I would have compulsory education, and every child should be put to school from the time he was six until he was fourteen. And in school he should learn the Ten Commandments as well as the multiplication table. Every boy should learn some kind of a business or handicraft. I would have absolutely no idlers: for property changes hands so easily and often that idlers mean in the end paupers. I would give every man his Sunday's rest, and his night's rest. That is, he

should have as much time as his proper night's rest. Ten hours a day should be the longest day's work, and the workingman should have fair wages. No one who could not read and write should be allowed to vote. If all our people could read and write, and knew a trade, we should have sober, useful, contented citizens, all making as much money as they needed. When no man's money went for liquor, every man's money would keep his family in good beds, good dinners, and good shoes. The domestic affections would have a chance to grow, and fathers would be acquainted with and love their children.'

They were travelling at a leisurely pace in a county famous for coal and iron, for great furnaces and foundaries. About the middle of a bright afternoon, they had entered one of these black and busy towns, built about great works. It was an hour when the employees are generally occupied, the streets engrossed only by the necessities of traffic, and the sounds heard are the crash of wheels, the clank of machinery, and the roar of great fires. But as this peaceful strolling party entered the town they were aware of a great uproar, of rage and not of labor. Following the central street they soon saw a crowd of nearly five hundred men, surging and shouting about a large building.

'It's a mob,' said Rodney.

'A strike,' said Rasmus.

Most of the shopkeepers had prudently closed their windows and doors, but some were standing on the door-sills watching to see what would happen. Women were hanging about corners, children in their arms, or clinging to their gowns, and the women were most of them anxious or whimpering, and wishing 'the men would settle down peaceable, or trouble would come of it.'

'What is the matter?' asked Mr. Llewellyn of an old grocer.

'Well, the men struck Saturday for an advance in wages. I reckon if they'd sent a committee to insist on it they'd have had it without striking, for it was reasonable, and was given them on Tuesday morning. The men were right. They were not getting what their work was worth, and every man wants to be able to keep his family in some sort of shape by what he does.'

'You're right,' said Rasmus the ready; 'but if they got what they wanted, what are they kickin' about now? says I.'

'Why, here is where the foolish part of the matter comes in. Having got what they wanted and had a right to ask, they went to asking what they had no right to expect. These men all belong to some kind of a union or league, very good of its kind, no doubt, and useful to them if they will make it so; but ten of the workmen did not belong to that society, and as soon as the strikers got what they asked, instead of turning in and working, they said they'd stand out till these ten men were dismissed. That's the row today, and I don't call it fair. The ten have families, and are decent men, and to turn 'em out means to starve 'em. I don't think it is right. The company is standing out on that head, and I hope they will stand out everlastingly.'

'Land, what fools we mortals do be!' said Rasmus, all excited to draw nearer and hear how affairs got on. He pressed to the outskirts of the ever-increasing mob. They were besieging the company's office, and now an elderly gentleman appeared at a second-story window, stepped boldly out on a little wooden shelter over the office-door, and endeavored to address the throng. He had no fear of his men, and had no cause to fear; he was not unpopular, for they knew him to be just, and, on occasion, generous. But he could not secure a hearing—all were talking—all wanted to talk. The master gave up the contest of speech, but he folded his arms on his chest, and he shut close his mouth, with its long Scotch upper lip, and leaning back against the house, he stood at bay, and his whole person read boldly—'No surrender.'

Now a new orator appeared in the midst of the mob. Suddenly a box and a barrel were placed, one atop the other, for a staging, and a big-headed, red-faced man was handed up. On his fat hands were rings; a big pin ornamented his gorgeous necktie.

'He ain't no workingman,' quoth Rasmus to Rodney.

'He is the keeper of the big liquor-store,' said a man who stood by Rasmus' shoulder.

This speaker had the advantage of standing in the midst of the crowd; also, he had other advantages—some of the men were his cronies, others his debtors. He burst forth into a hot tide of challenge and accusation of the company. The company was domineering, arbitrary, unjust. They rolled in wealth, while the men by whom their riches came wallowed in penury. The masters had coaches, the men went on foot. The men had little frame houses, the masters great mansions. These were honored, those were despised. All things should be free and equal—all the land, houses, mines, furnaces, should be share and share alike. Companies should get no more than the men. Thus he raged on, and the men got more and more surly and excited. Their rage began to turn on the master, who stood angry, silent, and resolved, above the door. There were murmurs of stoning him, egging him, breaking into the office, gutting the foundry, and so on. Insensate hate was being stirred in their usually orderly hearts.

(To be Continued.)

Courtesies to Parents.

Parents lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which other lips may quaff, and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do, but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and made her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

Ah, but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of its asperities and make the journey less wearisome. Material aid is good as far as it goes, but it has not that sustaining power which the loving, sympathetic heart bestows upon its object. You think she has outgrown these weaknesses and follies, and is content with the crust that is left; but you are mistaken. Every little offer of attention—your escort to church or concert, or for a quiet walk brings back the youth of her heart; her cheeks glow, and her eyes sparkle with pleasure, and O! how proud she is of her son!

Even the father, occupied and absorbed as he may be, is not wholly indifferent to these filial expressions of devoted love. He may pretend to care very little for them, but having faith in their sincerity, it would give him serious pain were they entirely withheld. Fathers need their sons quite as much as the sons need the fathers, but in how many deplorable instances do they fail to find in them a staff for their declining years!

My son, are you a sweetener of life? You may disappoint the ambition of your parents; may be unable to distinguish yourself as they fondly hoped; may find your intellectual strength inadequate to your own desires, but let none of these things move you from a determination to be a son of whose moral character they need never be ashamed. Begin early to cultivate a habit of thoughtfulness and consideration for others, especially for those whom you are commanded to honor. Can you begrudge a few extra steps for the mother who never stopped to number those you demanded during your helpless infancy? Have you the heart to slight her requests, or treat her remarks with indifference, when you cannot begin to measure the patient devotion with which she bore your peculiarities? Anticipate her wants, invite her confidence, be prompt to offer assistance, express your affections as heartily as you did when a child, that the mother may never grieve in secret for the son she has lost.—'Sunday School Times.'

Dreaming.

(Grace May North, in the 'Christian Register.')

'O, for a splendid thing to do!'
Thought little Ben one day,
'For something really, truly great,
Not just pretend at play.'

So lost was Ben in idle dreams,
He did not note, 'tis true,
That, heedless, he was passing by,
A splendid thing to do.

For poor blind Tom beside the curb
Stood bending 'neath his load,
Awaiting someone's helping hand
To lead him o'er the road.

The Muskrats Home.

All summer Mitty Muskrat had lived in a big cave in the bank just above the pond. One day in October she was delighted to hear that it was time for the family to build their winter house.

Soon after sunset one night she started out with her mother; they crossed the pond swimming with their fore feet tucked up under their throats, and using their broad, flat tails as rudders. Mitty, indeed, was in such a hurry that she wriggled her tail from side to side like a tadpole.

They entered the ditch which led into the swamp, but soon left it, and, making their way through mud and grass for a short distance, suddenly came upon several muskrats building a platform of sticks upon some alder roots.

The house itself was begun by weaving green twigs, flags, and reeds into a kind of fence around a circular enclosure. Mitty helped fetch reeds from the swamp all night. She slept all the next day, and did not awaken until after sundown. With several companions she went out to get food. Some dug yellow lily roots, towed them ashore, and feasted on their crisp white centers. Mitty fancied a rush banana. Diving to the bottom of the pond, she bit of a big rush, carried it to her usual eating place, sat up on her hind legs, and began to peel it, holding it in her paws and biting off the end of the soft, white pith as if were really a banana.

Suddenly one of her companions plunged noisily into the pond. This was a signal that danger was near. Although Mitty could see nothing she dropped her supper and dived into the pond. An instant later Slyfoot, the weasel, appeared on the bank, disgusted that his prey had escaped. Swimming under water, Mitty, with a few swift strokes, reached home.

That night the rain fell in torrents, and no one worked on the new house. Muskrats are not afraid of rain, their coats being quite waterproof, but the heavy clouds made the night pitch dark and they preferred to wait for moonlight.

When the weather was again pleasant the house progressed rapidly. A domeshaped structure was formed of interlaced reeds, and plastered on the outside with mud which the builders mixed in their paws and smoothed with their tails. On the top the reeds were more loosely woven and not so thickly covered with plaster, so that air might enter. There was no door above water; a passageway led from the upper into the lower one, and this room opened directly into the water.

One night it began to rain, and the children said gayly, 'This will make a pond of the meadow.' And, indeed, it did. A neighbor's house was swept away. Their own followed. The children mourned; but the elders said: 'How fortunate that the flood came early in the season! Now we have time to build again before winter!'

Then it suddenly grew cold. The ground froze, and ice formed on the pond.

'How can we build a house now?' wailed the children.

'Wait a little,' replied the elders, 'it is too early for winter yet; we shall have another warm spell.'

Sure enough, Indian summer soon came, with mild days and clear moonlight nights. How fast the muskrats worked on a new house! Every one did as much as he was able.

The new house was larger than the old one, and had another chamber on top, quite high

above water. When it was completed, the muskrates moved in. Then the water froze over, and their only escape from the pond was through the brook.

One day there was a great noise overhead. All the muskrats rushed downstairs into the water. Through the ice they could see figures moving swiftly about. They were boys skating on the pond. Now two of them were pounding on the muskrat house. It was frozen so hard that after a time they went away. The next day they came back with sharp instruments, and tore away the earth and reeds of the roof. Then they put a queer iron thing in the chamber, and went off. Three-toes called it a trap the moment he saw it, and said a similar one had stolen his other toes. He was a wise old fellow, and advised immediate abandonment of their dwelling.

So all the muskrats fled from the house, and, as it was impossible to build another, they were obliged to live in their summer caves on the shore.

'How fortunate for us,' remarked Mitty's mother cheerfully, 'that our old home is so high up in the bank that it is not flooded! We can keep quite comfortable there until spring.' —'Holiday Magazine.'

Talk Happiness.

Not now and then, but every
Blessed day,
And let your life reflect, at least,
The half of what
You say.
There's no room here for him
Who whines as on his
Way he goes.
Remember, son, the world is
Sad enough without
Your woes.
Talk happiness every chance
You get—and
Talk it good and strong!
Look for it in
The byways as you grimly
Pass along;
Perhaps it is a stranger now
Whose visit never
Comes;
But talk it! Soon you'll find
That you and happiness
Are chums.

—'Ram's Horn.'

'Lost and Found.'

(By Lillie A. Sydow, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

In the northern part of Wisconsin, near the Minnesota boundary line is a small station called B——. A great many Swedish families live here; the men finding employment in the pineries or else work along the railroad sections.

A few months before the opening of the settlement as a town, a family by the name of Senson moved here.

Mr. Senson was an experienced section man, and had recently been appointed as 'section boss,' for a large section starting at B—— and extending sixteen miles south.

To go over this long stretch daily required a long day's work. Mr. Senson left home at the first break of day and returned home at six o'clock in the evening. His two little boys, Harry and Norman, had been taught to do the few simple chores about the yard, including getting and driving home the cow from the woods.

For pastime Harry and Norman would play along the tracks or about the logs that lie in long, high piles beside the track of the railroad siding, waiting to be loaded and shipped to the saw mills.

Later in the fall, Norman, the older boy would have to herd the cow along the unused 'skid-ways' farther into the woods. In a timber country one sees only trees, trees for miles in every direction. The clearings are few and the roads only rough paths.

It is rather a lonely place to be in alone. Harry, who was only five, was not allowed to go far away, usually Freeman Thompson, a neighbor boy, would be Norman's companion. Great times the boys had! specially if 'Mooly,' the cow, would not walk far, the boys would climb about the logs.

One afternoon in September the boys thought it would be fine fun to just run and run the whole length of the log piles,—surely old Mooly would stay near the rail fence! Hour after hour passed and just as it commenced to grow dark the two boys returned from the far away end of the pile. They hurried to the gate by the fence where old Mooly usually stood waiting, but no cow was to be seen. The boys thought they heard the bell and ran as fast as they could in the direction of the sound. They turned once to the left, then to the right. It was fast growing dark, and so the old signs of the paths in the woods were out of sight, the boys soon realized that they were nowhere near a clearing and nowhere near the cow.

Norman was the larger and older of the two, and he bravely encouraged Freeman to hurry with him first this way, then the other.

Finally, Freeman began to ask Norman, 'Are we almost home? Are we near a skid-way? It is so dark, are we lost?' The already frightened boy began to think of wolves and bears, and then commenced to cry. Norman tried to answer bravely, and suddenly taking hold of his hand told him he thought they were in a path by the smoothness of the ground under his feet. It was now very dark, and the supposed skid-way was only an old unused waggon road, leading in another direction from home. Walking on, Norman began to look for the blue section light, which he was sure could be seen for some distance along the skid-way. No light could be seen; just one big star, bright and clear shone through the trees just ahead of them. Norman, thinking that this star was the crossing light hurried on in that direction. A large mud puddle put the thought of the right road out of his mind. He too, realized that they were lost.

He began to think of his mother and father. He wondered what his tired father would say and do. Finally, he tried thinking of songs and verses, but only 'Poor Babes in the Woods' would stay in his mind. Worn out and frightened he too began to cry. After a few moments he took hold of Freeman's arm and said, 'Freeman, God lives in Heaven. He sees us. I will ask Him to show us the way home.' Down in the muddy road knelt the two lads, Norman saying, 'Dear God! We are lost! Bring us home! Amen!' Then putting his arm around Freeman he said, 'Freemen, you just wait now, we will get home.'

No sooner were the words spoken than a loud call echoed through the woods, 'Nor'm! Nor'm! Free'm! Free'm!' Both boys were still on their knees, and cried at the top of their voices. 'Here! Here!'

'It's God,' said Freeman. 'No! it is papa,' said Norman. 'God showed him where to go!' The light of a lantern was now seen, and by a repeated call the boys were safely found. Both were hungry, wet and cold.

Mr. Senson had started out to hunt for the boys as soon as he had returned home, and nearly four hours had been spent in the search. The poor mothers were nearly frantic with grief, but how happy they were to see them at home safe and unhurt!

Norman never told his mother of the prayer, but little Freeman had told his mother that very night of the man named God, who had sent help to Norman so soon. Freeman's mother told the story to Mrs. Senson, and can you wonder that she prayed that her son might always ask God to lead him safely and keep him in His care?

Freeman learned to know who God was, and the simple prayer of Norman not only opened a way for the Master in Freeman's heart, but his loving mother never forgot the lesson her son taught her, and she too is happy in the never ceasing love of Jesus.

The Compartment Box.

'What is it all for? Here you have been working over that wonderful box every evening for a week. I believe you are a miser, and that box is to hoard your treasures in.'

And pretty Eva Trumbpull fixed her roguish eyes on Rufus, the farmer boy, and waited to see what he would say.

'Why, I would just as soon tell you about this box,' he said. 'You'll laugh of course, but I don't suppose that will hurt me.'

'I won't laugh a bit, unless it is something funny.'

'Well, it's a money box.'

'A money box! I told you you were going to be a miser.'

'Well, I'm not,' said Rufus laughing. 'I'm planning to spend it, not to keep it; but I like to be sort of systematic about things. You see I know just about what I'm worth nowadays. There's about six months in the year that I am earning money; and in one way and another, I earn about sixty dollars, besides my board. Now, it happens that there are ten things for which I need to spend that money, and as nearly as I can calculate, it must be equally divided between them; so, thinking it over, I concluded that the systematic way would be to have a box with ten compartments, all labelled and drop the money in, one dollar at a time, maybe, or ten cents at a time, just as it happens to be paid.'

'That's really a nice idea,' said Eva, admiringly, 'but I can't imagine how you can have ten different things for which you need to spend money regularly.' Here she gave one of her merriest laughs.

'Oh, well, it is different with me,' exclaimed Rufus. 'You see, I don't know much about spending money for things I might happen to like to buy. I have to spend mine for the things that must be bought, anyhow; and so it's easier to calculate.

'In the first place, there's mother; I shall paint her name on this compartment, and one tenth of everything I can earn is to pop in there. Then there are clothes for me; they will take another tenth. That's only for general clothes; I've got a compartment here for boots and shoes, and another for shirts, and if I have to borrow from one of those compartments or the other, why it will do no harm.

'There are Mamie and Fannie, my two little sisters; I've given them each a compartment. Of course mother will spend the money for them, but I like to put it in their own name. Then here's the corner for books; I need school-books, and paper, and pens, and all such things, you know; but they must all come out of this general fund. Then here's the housekeeping; I have a corner for that, because mother must be helped, you know; that place where her name is means for her own private use; and here's the rent corner; mother has hard times bringing that in every month, so I help her with it all I can.

'Now, you see, I've got mine. Here's my last corner.' And very carefully Rufus printed the word 'Benevolence' over this compartment.

'Be-nev-o-lence,' spelled out Eva, and now she was too much astonished to laugh. 'Why, Rufus Briggs! Just as though you could afford to give six dollars a year to benevolence!'

'Why, it's only a tenth,' said Rufus, stoutly; 'and it has to be divided up more than any of the others, there are so many things to give for.

'The Jews in Bible times gave a tenth of their income to the Lord, and I shall not be willing to do less. The Bible says, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and I'm willing to trust him.'

'The idea!' said Eva.

Refusing to Buy a Ten-Dollar Bill for One Dollar.

During a conversation in a hotel between two well-known American politicians, one of them advanced the theory that, though some men were easily deceived, the majority were over-cautious. As a test, it was decided that a young friend should offer to give a ten-dollar bill for one dollar to anyone in the corridor. General Sickles was the first person he met. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he remarked politely to the General, 'but will you please give me one dollar for this ten?' and he held the note so close to Sickle's eyes that its genuineness ought to have been visible. A half-sarcastic, half-angry grin came over the General's face, but he deigned no reply, and contemptuously turned away. The proffer was soberly made to nine other men, none being a witness to the other's refusal, and every time with the same result. Nobody would buy ten dollars with one dollar, and the endangered note returned safely to its owner. Unhappily the same doubt is manifested about an offer absolutely free. Almost every anxious sinner thinks salvation must be purchased by good works or merit of some kind.—'Christian Herald.'

A Real Hero

(Eben E. Rexford, in 'Ram's Horn.')

'I wish I could be a hero,'
A little boy said to me;
'And when I grow up, a hero
I really mean to be.
I mean to be brave,' he told me,
While his face was aglow;
'I'll do something grand and noble
That all the world shall know.'

My little unfledged hero,
I've something to say to you;
In the time when you're sorely tempted,
To your own self be true,
Do right and let no one lead you
Into the ways of wrong,
And you'll be as true a hero
As ever roused poet's song.

A Church Blessing.

'But, mother, a fellow don't get much good from going to church when the whole business bores him.'

'My son,' and Mr. Stevens laid down his fork, 'I have something to tell you.'

Mr. Stevens was a man of few words, often sitting silent through an entire meal, and at his earnest voice we all stopped eating.

'When I went to college,' he continued, 'I promised mother to attend church every Sunday morning, and I did. For several months it was a trial and a bore, but it brought me one of the greatest blessings of my life. A young man can gain nothing but good from regular attendance at church, and I expect it from you as long as you have respect for my authority, whether you like it or not.'

This sounded very stern, but Mary touched her fathers' arm. 'Won't you tell us about it?' she asked.

'There's not much to tell. I went to church when it rained and when it snowed; when the boys were amazed and when they ridiculed. I suppose it did seem queer to them, for I was not a Christian.'

'You were a lover of your mother,' said Mrs. Stevens.

Her husband flashed her a grateful look. 'I was,' he said briefly.

'But father,' persisted Mary, 'you have not told us about the blessing it brought you.'

I caught my breath. Mr. Stevens was not given to retailing his emotions, and I should not have dared the remark; but he took no offense.

'I had a room-mate after Christmas, and he went to church with me. I don't know why I was such a fool as to go all alone that first term. I could have found some one to accompany me, I'm sure.'

I did not wonder at his going alone, Mr. Stevens was that sort of a man.

'When you don't like to attend church,' he continued, 'take some one with you. It helps matters wondrously.'

There was silence a minute.

'But about the blessing,' said Mary.

Mr. Stevens smiled. 'You'd call it a very commonplace blessing,' he said, but it made me over again, and gave me a new purpose in life. My son, do you know of one instance where your influence has made a man better—drawn him from evil ways?'

'No, father,' said the young man, in a low tone.

'Then don't quit church-going yet awhile. You have not got your eyes open.'

'But how about the blessing?' inquired Mary.

'H'm! I found out that I had been recommended by the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to my room-mate as a companion who would help him to quit his evil ways.' Mr. Stevens was transformed. His eyes flashed and his voice trembled; his face all aglow. 'Think of it! I was not even a Christian, and yet that young man who had fallen among wild companions, and sought help, was sent to me, and I knew nothing of it. I thank God and my mother that I lived straight and steady those days.'

'And your room-mate reformed?' asked Mary.

'He did, and he and I joined the church together the following Easter. That's what came of church attendance, even though I took no pleasure in it. The Y. M. C. A. secretary told me all he knew of me, that for three months I had attended church every Sunday morning, with no one to urge it, nor even anyone to accompany me.'

Mr. Stevens arose and pushed back his chair. 'My son,' he said, 'stick to the church. Some day it will surely bring you a heart blessing that will sweeten the hard places of your life.'—The 'Classmate.'

Childhood in Bengal.

Reproduced from the Bengali of H. C. Raha, by Mrs. Mary Summers.

('Baptist Missionary Herald,' London.)

I remember almost everything that has happened to me since my fifth year. At that age I was married. Many of you will laugh to hear this, and truly it is a matter for merriment. But it is quite true. At the age of five I was happily married to a little girl of three, whose name was Kushum.

Kushum lived in our house. We had always played together, and as things were before our marriage so they continued after. Whenever I got angry in our play together, I used to catch hold of Kushum and serve her out. In our house there was a day-school held, in which we both learned. I studied Bengali with the schoolmaster, and English with my father. Other boys from the village also attended this day-school, and among them was one called Ramdoyal, with whom I became very great friends.

In our house there was an idol of the name of Radha Kanai, and a Brahmin priest had been appointed to take care of him. Later on, however, after my education had been begun, a Brahmin teacher was put in charge of this idol instead of the priest. One day Ramdoyal and I were sitting and playing in the verandah of the idol-house. It was the day of the new moon, and the village school had been closed in consequence. The teacher had performed the idol-worship, and had gone away into the courtyard, and was there fast asleep and snoring loudly. We were still playing in the verandah of the idol-house, when, in the course of conversation, I said, 'Why is it that this particular god is never bathed? Other gods are put into the water.'

'That is true enough,' Ramdoyal said. 'Kali, Durga, Saraswati, and the rest are all thrown into the water after being worshipped. Why should Radha Kanai remain in continual enjoyment of the idol-house?'

'Come along then,' I said, 'let us throw Radha Kanai into the water to-day.'

These words had no sooner been spoken than we both threw aside our toys and prepared to throw the god in. I am of the Shudra caste, consequently I could not touch the idol. Ramdoyal carried him by himself, and side by side we went to the brick ghât and threw him into the water. After this we both jumped in ourselves and had a bath, but on coming out we saw Kushum standing on the steps. Then I began to tremble all over, and Ramdoyal said:

'You tremble from fear of the god, I suppose!'

'No,' I said; 'my fear of the god is not so great as my fear of Kushum.'

Now Kushum had seen the whole of our performance, and she ran off, calling out, 'Stop a bit; I am going home to tell them about this!'

'Come let us be off,' said Ramdoyal.

'All right,' said I, and we both started off running in our wet clothes. The whole day we wandered about, now in one garden, now in another, faint with hunger and full of fear, until just before evening came we found ourselves by a large pipul tree on the north side of the village. At the foot of this tree were a number of stones, emblems of the god Shib, and in front of them we saw a plate of offerings containing rice and plantains. We were so hungry that we quickly devoured everything.

When evening came, Pitumber Sircar happened to pass along the road, and, noticing us, came immediately to ask us the reason of our being there at such a time. I stammered a few words in answer, but did not tell him the real reason. He quite understood that we had committed some fault, so seizing my hand, he said, 'You ought not to be here on the night of the new moon. Come away home.' We were both compelled to go back with him, and on reaching home we saw that Radha Kanai had been taken out of the water and put up in his place again.

My father, putting Ramdoyal and myself in front of him, asked, 'Who was it who threw the god into the water?'

Ramdoyal said, 'It was not I.'

I said, 'I did not even touch the god.'

Now seeing that they had no proof as to who had thrown the god in, I said to my father, 'Why do you make such a fuss about it? Why do you not ask the god himself as to who threw him in?'

Hearing this, everybody laughed, but finally we were handed over to our teacher to be beaten. How delicately a schoolmaster can wield the rod many of my readers will know!

* * * *

In the midst of the group of houses that made up our home and just near the idol-house, there was a large guava tree. Why do I say 'was?' There still 'is,' but as far as I am concerned, I may say 'was.' This tree was very old. I have heard that my father in his boyhood fell from it and broke his arm. My grandmother used to scold whenever she saw me in it, for she was so afraid that what had happened to my father would happen to me. But I never fell, and I always assured her that there was no cause for fear.

One day my father went into the town to make arrangements for the religious celebrations, and that same day the schoolmaster gave me a severe beating.

After that beating I climbed up into the guava tree and left my morning meal uneaten. By twelve o'clock the schoolmaster himself and all the servants in the house were hunting for me all over the village, but without success. Nobody knew that I was in the guava tree; I did not even tell Ramdoyal, my greatest friend. The tree was laden with ripe guavas, and after eating my fill of them I sat there comfortably. I saw everybody passing anxiously to and fro under the tree, but nobody saw me.

When all their searching had been in vain, my grandmother began to scold the schoolmaster. He bore her scolding in silence, and that day there was neither cooking nor eating for him! After a hasty performance of the idol worship, he took Ramdoyal with him and went out in search of me once more. Meanwhile those in the house were very anxious. My grandmother could not rest, but kept going in and out of the house, all the time saying impolite things about the schoolmaster's ancestors. Everybody at last was in despair. My mother was weeping, my grandmother was scolding with rage; my aunt seemed to be the only sensible one. She sat thinking and saying to the others, 'That monkey of a boy is surely hiding somewhere; he is not the sort of boy to go and drown himself. Don't worry. When the evening comes he will certainly return home.'

Meanwhile, the cause of all this commotion was sitting in the guava tree, with a brick in his hand, listening to all that they were saying, and as the pain occasioned by the beating began to abate, he laughed to himself. I was hoping, when the schoolmaster passed under the tree, to drop the brick on his head. But when I did at length see his anxiety and the haggard face of the poor fellow, I quite pitied him, and determined immediately to throw the brick away.

Just at that moment that guava-loving Kushum came to the foot of the tree. Other days she used to pick up and eat all the guavas that had fallen through the pecking of the crows. But on that day, owing to my presence in the tree, not a single crow had come near all the time, so that Kushum had almost given up hopes of guavas. While gazing up into the tree, however, she caught sight of me sitting there, and straightway began to clap her hands with joy. Bending down, I whispered, 'Do be quiet; if you make a noise I will throw this brick at your head.' Kushum, too much surprised to know what to do, stood still for a moment. I said again, 'If you won't tell anybody, I shall give you some lovely ripe guavas!' Kushum replied, 'You have eaten nothing all day; now do come down. I don't want any guavas.'

(To be continued.)

A poor woman who hawks tape and needles on the streets of Birmingham, England, in one year put 128 coins in her missionary box, aggregating 13s. 5½d.

LITTLE FOLKS

Little Prayers.

Upward float the little prayers
Day by day.
Little prayers for little cares,
In work or play.
Every moment brings its trial
Or its pleasure;
Little prayers for self-denial
Yield rich treasure.
Let this be your prayer.
Every day;
'Keep me, Lord, in Thy dear care
Come what may;
Lead my little feet apart
From evil things;
Daily hide my little heart
Beneath Thy wings.'
—'Ram's Horn.'

Where Cherry, Dan and Ginger Drew the Line.

Cherry, Dan and Ginger were three as polite and generally well-mannered dogs as ever lived. And that, too, in a family where there were a great many children. And any dog alive will tell you that it is sometimes very difficult to be perfectly polite and good-tempered where a lot of children are about. As they had grown up from puppy-hood they had gradually learned that even the kindest of human beings have perfectly absurd ideas about a great many things which it is wiser to humor them in.

It had taken Ginger a long time to remember that the library curtains were not considered by those in authority the best place in which to wrap greasy bones. He hoped some day to learn what they were allowed to drag on the floor for, if not to wrap bones in!

Dan's particular grievance was that if beds were made to sleep in (or on), what particle of difference could it make whether you happened to be wet or dry when you jumped on them to snatch a few minutes' sleep, after a run and a dip on a hot summer's day?

What Cherry was always asking was: 'When one is told to be a "good dog," and not let tramps and beggars get into the house, how is one to tell that a miserable postman or grocer's boy is not to be barked at?'

But they had finally come to the conclusion that all these things had no real reason; they just were. Having arrived at this philosophic conclusion, it was not surprising that they meekly submitted to a new, and of course foolish, idea that suddenly struck the family. A large, and it must be admitted, exceedingly comfortable armchair was set apart for their particular use. No one else sat in it—it had a clean linen cover put on it three times a week, although no one would ever have suspected it—and apparently they were not expected to sit anywhere else. Certainly they were not urged to do so, quite the contrary.

'Oh, well,' said Dan, after they had mourned this new innovation, 'let's be thankful they haven't taken it into their silly heads that dogs should be made to stand up forever!'

But, with the best of intentions, it was very hard to remember this new curtailment of their rights. More than once, when Ginger, wet and muddy, to be sure—he never denied that—had, with a wide and most engaging smile, attempted to make some room for his mistress on what was, he believed, known as the best sofa, he had been rewarded with a flick of the whip in place of the pat which his politeness surely merited.

Dan and Cherry had had similar humiliating experiences. They consoled themselves as best they could. The chair—their chair—was fairly comfortable, particularly for the one who got there first. The first two, to be sure, were always a little cramped. You see, there was room for only two to spread out pleasantly on the seat, and the last to arrive had naturally to sit on top of the earlier comers. Their mistress tried to show them some ridiculous way to occupy it so that they could all sit on the seat.

'I'd like to see three people as big as she in it just once!' said Ginger. 'I suppose it could be done if I was willing to let my legs stay on the floor, the way she does.' One thing they had to congratulate each other on. The family seemed to have exhausted their inventive faculty for the time and no more reforms were attempted that summer.

It was in the early autumn that an event occurred which brought things to a climax and compelled the three friends to rebel openly. And, wonderful to relate, for once they were patted and laughed over and consoled.

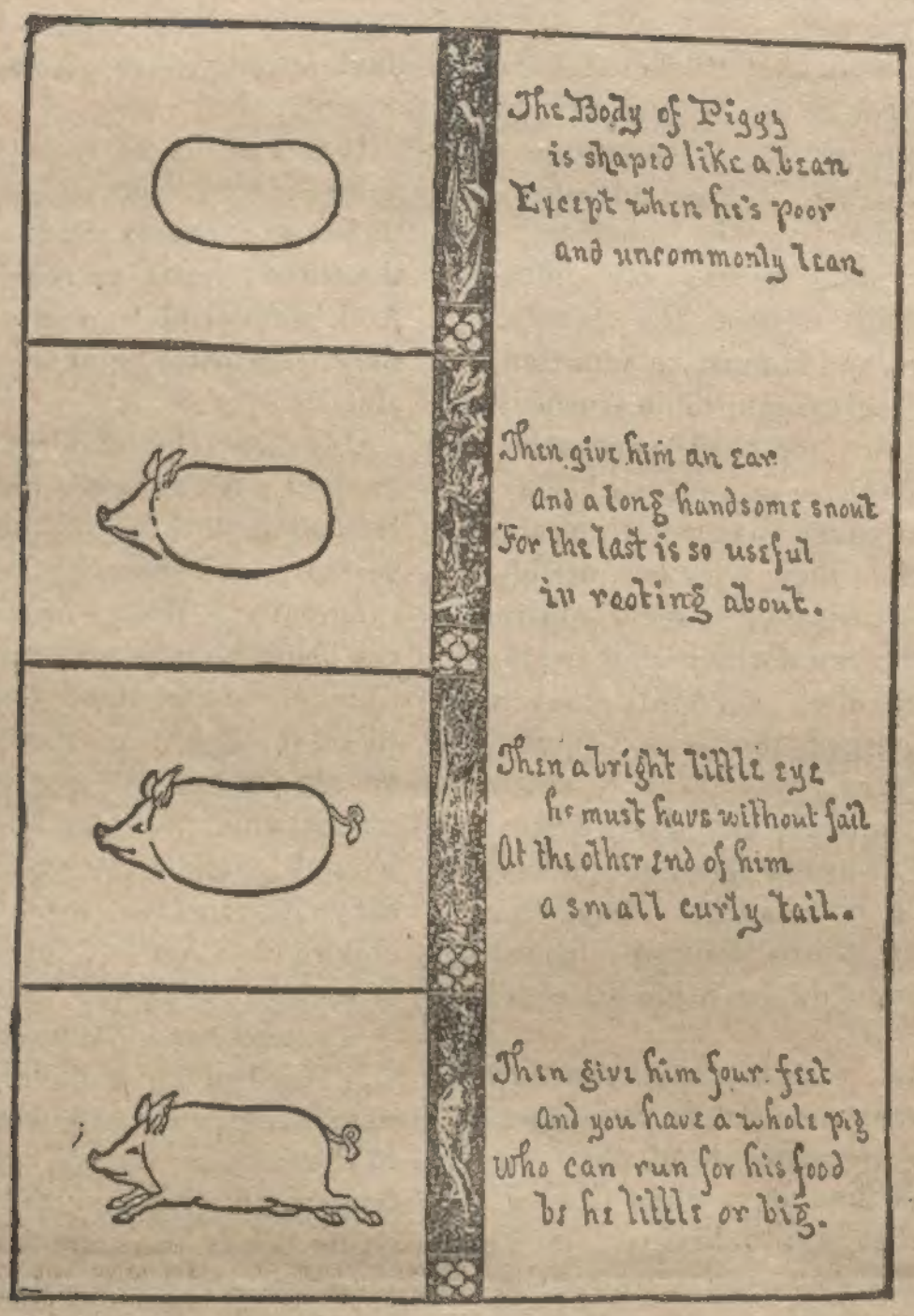
One day the children's father brought a friend home to luncheon. He had arrived in the city unexpectedly, and therefore came quite informally. When he arrived at the house he was ushered into the library, where stood the famous chair, spotless in a cover just that minute put on. It was large and comfortable, and the stranger, in blissful ignorance, proceeded to occupy it. In the meantime the children's father had gone in search of some of the family.

As it happened, Ginger, Cherry and Dan had been having a most exhausting run, and had gone down to the pond to cool off. While fat Ginger was lying luxuriantly on his stomach in a nice muddy pool near the shore, and Cherry was pretending to fetch a stick, just for practice, Dan suddenly sprang for the shore and started at a great pace for the house, which was some distance away.

The others needed no second warning. He was making for the best place in the chair; and as he was the largest, if he got on the seat, they had to sit on him as best they could. They rushed after him.

They managed to reach the house about the same time, for some one had closed the front door, and Dan had lost a few precious moments in trying first to get in that way. What was their astonishment to find a man—and a strange man—sitting in their own chair. When, a few seconds later, the family reached the door to discover what on earth was happening, they found Dan and Cherry racing furiously around a very much puzzled and astonished gentleman, while Ginger, too much out of breath to bark, contented himself with howling, which is much easier when you understand it.

When the family had sufficiently


The Body of Piggy
is shaped like a bean
Except when he's poor
and uncommonly lean
Then give him an ear
and a long handsome snout
For the last is so useful
in rooting about.
Then a bright little eye
he must have without fail
At the other end of him
a small curly tail.
Then give him four feet
and you have a whole pig
Who can run for his food
be he little or big.

recovered to restore peace and explain things to their guest—who promptly, with many apologies to the three friends, vacated their chair—the dogs were made so much of that they nearly wagged their tails off. But even when lunch was announced they did not stir, which was most unusual.

'A man who would do that,' said Dan, 'would dig up bones!' And they watched the visitor closely all during his stay.'—'Youth's Companion.'

The Polite Donkey.

A little gray Donkey lived in a toy-shop window. He wore a russet leather bridle and a red saddle. He had plenty of bright green hay ready to be eaten, though, as a matter of fact, he never did eat; for he rather liked having a 'gone feeling' in his stomach. You see, he always had had a 'gone feeling,' and he was used to it; if he thought about it at all, he supposed that all donkeys had it.

The other animals who lived in the window were made all in one piece, and stood quite still, staring out into the street with their round eyes. But the little gray Donkey had his head hung inside of his neck, on a neat gilt hook; and, as he was a very polite Donkey, he bowed very gently, all day, to the passers-by.

But no one ever bowed to him in return, and the little gray Donkey finally became quite sad.

'Why are you so sad, little gray Donkey?' said his friend, the Jack-in-the-Box, one day. 'You have a russet bridle, a red saddle, a pile of bright green hay, and your head is hung on a shiny gilt hook. Why are you not happy and gay, as I am? I feel like a Johnny-jumpup in springtime!'

And the Jack-in-the-Box stretched himself up, as far as he could, to show how springy he felt.

'Alas!' said the little gray Donkey, 'all day long I bow politely to all who pass our window; but no one ever bows to me in return, and this makes me feel lonely and neglected.'

And he wagged his head up and down very mournfully.

It was just then that little Edward and his nurse stopped before the toy-shop window.

Little Edward wore a white furry cap. He had curly yellow hair and pink cheeks and big bright eyes,

'O mammy!' cried little Edward, 'see the little gray Donkey! See him wag his head! He is bowing to me.'

Now, Edward was a very polite little boy, and, when he saw that the little gray Donkey was bowing, he bowed his own head in return. The little gray Donkey was delighted. He felt very sure that this was the prettiest and most polite little boy in the world, and so he bowed again.

So they stood bowing to each other for some time, and little Edward bobbed his head up and down till his yellow curls flew up in the air, and the furry white cap slipped down over his big bright eyes. And the little gray Donkey wagged his head faster and faster, until at last he wagged it off the gilt hook entirely, and there lay the little gray Donkey's head on the floor, in front of himself, with one ear broken off.

'Mamma,' said little Edward to his mother when he went home from his walk, 'a little gray Donkey bowed to me, and I bowed to him, and I bowed my cap off; but the little gray Donkey bowed his head off. I think he was too polite, don't you?'

And whenever little Edward thought of the little gray Donkey after that, he felt that the Donkey had been too polite.

But the little gray Donkey was quite happy on the shelf where they put him away, after they had hung his head again on the neat gilt hook, because he remembered that, when he made his last bows, a little boy with yellow curls and pink cheeks had bowed to him in return; and it never once occurred to him that he had been too polite.

And the Jack-in-the-Box went on feeling gay and springy like a Johnny-jumpup.—Mary Mitchell Brown, in 'Little Folks.'

God's truth will never grow old or wear out.

Correspondence

. L. V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading the letters on the Correspondence page very much. I like reading very much. I have read a few books, their names are: 'Faithful Friends,' 'Crisskringle,' 'Pleasant Paths for Little Feet,' 'James Watt,' 'Robert Fulton,' 'Samuel Moore,' and a few others. I live on a farm. My father tapped the sugar bush on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth. My sister and I went to the bush, and we got moss ferns, snail shells and vines. I have two sisters, but no brothers. I go to school every day. I am in the second class. I like my teacher very well. My subjects are drawing, writing, spelling, reading, composition, grammar, and arithmetic. My sister takes the 'Messenger.' Christmas, we had an entertainment at school. I was in all the songs, two dialogues, and gave a recitation. A year ago we had an entertainment at the church. I was in all the songs, and a dialogue and tableaux. For pets we have three cats and two colts.

I am going to give a riddle:—

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap,
In comes four legs
And runs away with one leg,
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

GRACE H. M.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday school, and enjoy reading it very much. I am nine years old. I have one brother, 17 years old. He works at the printing business. I have no sister. My father is a carpenter. I live in a small village. The North river runs through the village, and about a mile and a half from here there is a pretty lake. I saw in the 'Messenger' dated Feb. 23, in Z. L. Foster's letter, that he wanted to know how many words there were in the Bible. There are 773,693. How many readers know how many letters there are in the Bible?

CHARLIE SAUNDERS.

B. C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We have taken it for twelve years. I like the Correspondence page very much. I am ten years old. My birthday is on April 23. A few books I have read are: 'Little May,' 'The Patched Frock,' 'Hearts-Ease,' 'Self-Sacrifice,' 'Little May,' 'Where the Sky Falls,' and some others. We have three pets, two dogs and one cat. I go to school every day, and did not miss one day last term. At school I am in the Fifth Grade. They fish smelts here in winter. My father keeps a store. I have four sisters and three brothers, and one grandpa and no grandmothers. My uncle and father keep two mills, a sawmill and a spool mill.

M. R. A.

E., N.D.

Dear Editor,—I am in the sixth grade at school. There is one boy in my class. I went to a party last night. We had a nice time. I saw some riddles in the 'Messenger.' A little boy got 10c. worth of nails, what did he get them for? He got them for 10c.

If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how many would you get for eleven pence? You would get eleven herrings.

How often does the word 'Reverend' occur in the Bible? It occurs but once.

The answer to Norris Harries's riddle is:—The donkey gave it up.

Here is a riddle:—If a cow and a half cost a dollar and a half, how much will three cows cost?

MAGGIE McCURDY (11).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Birds.' Donald Nichol (7), C., Ont.
2. 'Pansy.' Louise Wilson (9), G. L., Ont.
3 'A pear.' Orma Ray.
4. 'A palace on water.' Mas. Waters (11), B., Ont.
5. 'Spintop' (man-of-war.) Gordon Harris (18), B., Nfld.
6. 'A little Swiss lass.' G. M. (12), L., Ont.
7 'Cow's head' Edford McLeod (12), S., Ont.
8. 'Jack-in-the-pulpit.' Ella Schofield (12), P., Ont.
9. 'A little Swiss herd.' Reta M., L., Ont.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like Vera M. Slimon's letter because it is so long and interesting. I am fond of reading, and have read 'Black Beauty,' 'Master Charles Chair,' 'Ally and Her School Fellow,' and 'Stories about Japan.' I am nine years old.

ALEENA E. HARPER.

A NIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

(By Ella McFarlane (aged 11).

Night was just coming on as John Hendrick, with his horses and huge water tank emerged from the woods three miles from Stony Point, which, in 1816, was about one of the wildest points on Lake Ontario.

He was employed that winter drawing water for a small inn by a cross-road whose well had dried up about the beginning of winter, and when we see him now, it is with his huge tank of water, fourteen miles from home.

He has been unusually late to-day, as he did not get a very early start, and he does not expect to get home until about midnight.

He was about two miles out from shore when he heard a distant moaning sound, like the wind, but on listening more intently he heard a series of short, sharp barks he knew instantly that it was the wolves. When found very far out on the lake, wolves are very fierce, especially white ones. He knew by the difference in the barks that there were white ones in the pack, so, whipping his horses to their utmost speed, they glided over the lake like a moon-sprite.

The sounds kept coming nearer and nearer, until, on turning around, he could see the ferocious beasts not very far behind him, and still coming at a terrible pace. He still urged his horses on, until one poor brute who could go no farther, dropped down exhausted.

John knew he must fight if he wished to get back to his own home, and so, drawing out his revolver, he shot the leader. This stopped them for what seemed to him about a second, then they rushed towards him again; this time he discharged both barrels, which killed two. But this only brought them on fiercer than ever. Three leaped on to the tank, while four flew at the horses' throats. The horse that was down was speedily devoured, while the other broke the harness and was off like the wind.

Those that had leaped on the tank were now upon him, tearing his clothes and biting and scratching his body. He drew out his knife, and stabbing fiercely managed to kill two and wound another. The others were now on the tank eager for revenge. He wounded four more, and now being nearly exhausted, he knew there was only one way of escape, and this was to shove the heavy lid off about one half of the tank. He exerted all his power in shoving the lid, as he knew it was his only chance. He succeeded at last in shoving it off, then he threw in a piece of meat he had brought for his supper. The wolves smelt it, and never thinking of anything but the meat, all went in after it.

While the wolves were in this plight, John's pistol suddenly put several shots into them, and they troubled travellers no more.

So our adventurer drove on once more, and as he whistled to himself he thought he should never tell his family what a narrow escape he had had lest they should be anxious about him. Years after he did though, and to-day his great grandchildren are often told the story of the dreadful wolves as they gather round the fireside to hear mother's tales.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from around here. I am a little girl who was nine years old the 6th of February. I go to school every day. It is fine. I expect to get into the second book at Easter. I have four brothers and no sister. I am the youngest, so I have a big doll to play with when I am home from school, and three pet kitties, a white one and two gray ones. Their names are Florence, Gertrude and Daisy. I can answer Gertrude's riddle. It is an icicle.

MABEL THOMPSON.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three years, and it is a very nice paper. I like reading the correspondence page, and also the stories. This is my first letter, and I hope it will be printed. My sister is writing her first letter to your paper.

The answer to E. B.'s question, which was: How often does the word 'Reverend' occur in the Bible? It occurs but once, and it is in the ninth verse of the 111th Psalm. There was another question also, which was in Dec. 8th: What is the middle verse in the New Testament? I think it is the nineteenth verse of the 10th chapter of Acts.

MARY C. SMITH (age 14).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the correspondence page, also the little stories. It is a very nice paper, and it is nice for little folks to write letters to the paper. I never saw any letters from this part, and I often thought I would like to write.

We are having a very mild winter compared to other winters, no sleighing, and it is so much like spring weather.

I saw in Z. E. F.'s letter last week how many words are there in the Bible? There are 773,746 words. I will send a question also. How many times does snow appear in the Old and New Testament.

P. E. SMITH (age 16).

LESSON II.—APRIL 8, 1906.

Jesus and the Sabbath.

Matthew xii., 1-14.

Golden Text.

Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. —Ex. xx., 8.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 2.—Matt. xii., 1-14.
Tuesday, April 3.—Mark ii., 23-36.
Wednesday, April 4.—Ezek. xx., 12-21.
Thursday, April 5.—Is. lvi., 1-12.
Friday, April 6.—Is. lviii., 1-14.
Saturday, April 7.—Neh. xiii., 15-22.
Sunday, April 8.—Luke vi., 1-11.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The Sabbath was the 'bloody angle' in the contest between the Pharisees and Jesus. They had idolized the Sabbath—had converted it into a veritable Juggernaut, whose ponderous weight they were rolling over men's hearts and homes. Their micrology would have been ludicrous if it had not been exercised upon something so sacred. . . . With this spirit-destroying literalism, Jesus took strongest issue. Of set purpose He broke the tradition, while he yet kept the Sabbath. He wrought seven conspicuous cures upon as many Sabbaths, as if to show the merciful character and uses of the day. But He could not expect to lay His hand thus rudely upon this Pharisaic fetich without raising a din and cry, and being branded as a sacrilegious person. . . . On this occasion the Pharisaic espionage followed Him in hopes that it would discover that He took one step more than the two thousand cubits allowed for a Sabbath-day's journey. It congratulated itself upon a still greater 'find.' It threw up its hands in well-feigned horror at the dreadful infraction; for were not the disciples reaping and threshing on the Sabbath? According to the refinements of their traditions, plucking the ripe wheat ears was a kind of harvesting, and rubbing them between the hands and blowing the chaff away was a kind of winnowing. What a sin! . . . The reply of Jesus was a master-stroke: 'David is your hero-king. It is not possible you are ignorant of what he did in an emergency; how, flying from Saul and famishing, he took, not standing corn in the field, like my disciples have, but the shewbread from the golden table before the very presence of the Lord; and that, too, when it had been freshly laid there, and there was none to replace it. David did this! How is it that you find no fault in him?' The law of mercy in this instance supplanted the law of sacrifice. . . . The scene shifts now from the wheat field to the synagogue, but the issue remains the same. The cripple is used as a bait to catch Jesus. Jesus called the unfortunate man to a conspicuous position. . . . The alternative which he proposed put them to confusion: Which accorded better with the spirit of the Sabbath law—to do good, as he proposed, by setting this unfortunate free from his malady, or to do evil, as they were doing when they entertained a jealous and inhuman spirit; to save life, as he soon would (making the poor man's life worth living), or to kill, as they were now (cherishing the spirit of murder in their hearts)? No wonder they were silent. Jesus was unanswerable.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The technism of piety reached its completest development under the hair-splitting genius of the Pharisees. . . . They enumerated 365 prohibitions, one for every day in the year; 248 commands, equal to the number of bones in the body; 613 precepts, number of letters in the Decalogue. . . . Their dialectical skill was especially busy in framing the casuistry of the Sabbath: determining whether it was right to eat an egg laid on Sabbath, and whether walking on the grass with hob-nailed shoes was not an infraction of the Sabbath, being a kind of threshing, and catching fleas was also, being a kind of hunting. . . . There was a serious side as well as ludicrous one in this excessive legalism. Hebrew pilots dropped the helm on approach of Sabbath. Hebrew soldiers allowed themselves to be butchered rather than fight on the Sabbath. . . . Jesus crushed these hollow traditions, and showed how the intent of the Sabbath was perverted by them. . . . He did not abolish the Sabbath. 'Lord of the Sabbath' would have no honorable title if it was a repealed institution. He was Lord of the day in the sense of ridding it of the barnacles of tradition, elevating it and filling it with life and sanctity. . . . This incident was not merely a text for a sermon on the true nature and use of the Sabbath. Jesus came to the defence of His disciples, whose very lives were in peril. There was a death penalty for such an infraction of the Sabbath as they had been guilty of. . . . Longfellow caricatured the austerities of the Puritan Sabbath, which shut out the sunshine, and made of the day of rest a dungeon of despair (John Endicott).

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 8.—Topic.—Our pledge, and how to keep it. Matt. xxvii., 20; Eccl. v., 1-7; Ps. li., 6.

C. E. Topic.

FORGIVENESS.

Monday, April 2.—Jealous of David. I. Sam. xviii., 5-9.

Tuesday, April 3.—Trying to kill David. I. Sam. xviii., 10-16.

Wednesday, April 4.—A second attempt. I. Sam. xix., 8-12

Thursday, April 5—David the fugitive. I. Sam. xxii., 1, 2.

Friday, April 6.—David in the wilderness. I. Sam. xxiii., 13-15.

Saturday, April 7—Good for evil. I. Sam. xxiv., 1-7.

Sunday, April 8—Topic—A fugitive forgiving a king. I. Sam. xxvi., 7-12.

Becoming a Trained Questioner.

(Miss Etta Campbell, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

To many a Sunday School teacher the art of questioning is unknown, or, if known, is neglected. And yet it is one of the best weapons a skilful teacher can use in the development of the lesson. She who would be a successful teacher in the real sense of the word must master this important art.

No public school teacher is permitted to stand before her class without having first been trained in the art of questioning. This training is just as necessary for the Sunday School teacher who would do good work, and that is what the earnest teacher aims to do.

The teacher who stands before her class and asks no questions, but does all the talking herself, however uplifting her theme, however pure her diction or eloquent her discourse, is a failure as a teacher, and is out of her proper place. Her place is in the pulpit or on the lecture platform, and not before a Sunday School class.

Why you ought to Question.

Let us look at the advantages of proper questioning:

1. The teacher finds out what the pupil knows, and how he knows it. If she lacks this knowledge, she cannot connect new truths with the old, and thus she violates an important educational principle: 'Proceed with the known to the unknown.'

2. She has no means of discovering the childs' difficulties and misconception except by questioning.

3. A child remembers what he has said to you in answer to a question long after he has forgotten what you said to him on a certain occasion.

4. Questioning excites the interest of the pupil, and thus secures his attention. A good question should have the elements of the unexpected in it. It should surprise the mind with some fresh and novel view of the subject.

5. It cultivates the habit of self-questioning on the part of the pupil. In all after-study a pupil who has been properly taught will find himself asking questions in his own mind as he reads his Bible.

6. At the end of the lesson a few well-planned and well-put questions test the result of what you have taught.

How to Question.

1. Avoid long questions. Let them be short and to the point. Use the fewest possible words in shaping them. They should also be such as will not require long answers.

2. Never ask three or four questions in succession before receiving an answer to the first. It is confusing. The child does not know which to answer.

3. As a rule, questions that require the answer 'Yes' or 'No' should not be asked. Not, 'Did Nicodemus come to Jesus by night?' but, 'When did Nicodemus come to Jesus?'

4. They should contain no hint or clue to the answer. Not, 'After leaving Nazareth Jesus made his home in Capernaum, did he not?' but, 'Where did Jesus make his home after leaving Nazareth?'

5. They should not be of the alternate form. Not, 'Did Jesus sit or stand when teaching in the synagogue?' but, 'What was the position of Jesus while teaching in the synagogue?'

6. They should not be elliptical. Not, 'As they went through the corn-fields, his disciples were hungered, and began to do what?' but, 'When the hungry disciples passed through the corn-fields, what did they do?'

7. They should be definite. The class should not be thrown into a state of wonder as to what the teacher is driving at. Here is an example of a vague, indefinite question: 'What was Solomon's temple like?' Put that question to yourself, teacher, and answer it if you can. Then why expect the children to know what you want? Such questions only serve to bewilder them.

8. Adapt your questions to the age and capacity of the pupil. They should not be too difficult, yet by no means pointless, or silly, or too easy. Children know more than you give them credit for. They don't require spoon-feeding. Too much of that kind of thing is done in Sunday Schools.

The child is interested in, 'What is it?'
The boy in, 'How is it?'
The youth in, 'Why is it?'
The man in, 'Whence is it?'

9. Never ask a question for the sake of killing time. Your bright boy will soon find you out.

10. Never ask questions intended to display your sharpness or your own learning. Your class will say, 'She thinks she knows it all.'

11. Vary the form of your question to avoid monotony.

12. Questions should lead the pupils some whither. They should not be haphazard, but should be in such an order as to form a systematic and progressive development of the subject.

In the Absence of Special Training.

A teacher says: 'I know I am a poor questioner, but how am I to learn the art without attending a training-school?'

1. Be in earnest about wishing to improve.

2. Have a thorough knowledge of what you wish to teach. Know a subject in itself and in all its relations. Have a clear conception of its important points and its difficulties.

3. For some time write out your questions at home previous to presenting them to your class. Of course you will not take them into the class with you. Then test your written questions by the above rules. After a little practice, you will have gained such facility in shaping your questions properly that you will, later on, fashion them according to educational principles without writing them.

Band of Hope.

Bands of Hope are Bands of blessing,
Binding in a loving tie
Boys and girls, and youths and maidens,
Who would from temptation fly.

Bands of Hope! they bless the present,
Make the happy happier still;
While they strengthen young disciples,
And give firmness to the will.

Bands of Hope! they gild the future,
Ushering in a brighter day,
When the foul, destroying demon
Shall be made to yield his prey.

Bands of Hope! they speak of plenty,
Peace and love and joy at home;
Want and hate and blows forgotten,
Oh, that now the day were come!

Bands of Hope! they rear the altar,
Tune the hymn and guide to God;
Help to reverence the Sabbath,
Keep us in the narrow road.

Bands of Hope! their influence tendeth
Good to scatter all around;
Life to cheer by bringing many
Near the Gospel's joyful sound.

Bands of Hope are Bands of Blessing;
Let them then be multiplied
In each city, town, and village,
Valley deep or mountain side.
—The 'Irish Temperance League.'

He Knew How to Say No.

Five boys were together on the play ground of a schoolhouse. They had grown tired of the game in which they had been engaged and were seated on the grass near the schoolhouse door.

'Let's go to the fishing pond,' said Joe Hartman. 'We can be back before books.'

'So we can,' said Billy Benson, rising. 'I'm with you—I'm always ready for a swim. I know we can be back before books, but it won't hurt much if we do lose a little time. I don't care for losing a little time.'

'Maybe the teacher will whip us if we are not back by one o'clock.' This came from John Jennings. 'He doesn't like it when we're past one o'clock coming in. And he punished Ralph Rankin for being too late one day.'

'Oh, you're a scary boy—you're always afraid of getting whipped. Come along and don't be a baby. We can be back in time for books.'

'Yes, I'll go,' said John. He didn't have sufficient firmness to say no.

Another boy, Edwin Harris, was asked if he would go, and he readily assented.

Then Joe Hartman asked the fifth boy if he would go with them to 'the swimming place,' as it was often called.

'No,' promptly replied Henry Dale. 'I'll not go.'

'And why not, Mr. Dale?' asked Joe somewhat imperiously.

'Because I promised my mother I would not.'

This was Henry's answer, and it was followed by a live burst of laughter from the other boys. Joe, however, was the first to lead in the laughter.

'Then you must be tied to your mother's apron string,' said Joe, derisively. I thought you could be a man in spite of your mother.'

'We need not stop now to discuss the matter of manhood,' said Henry. 'I have told my mother that I would not go again from school to that place, and I intend to be as good as my word. If you all intend to go you can go right along. You need not wait for me.'

'But,' added one of the boys in derision, 'we'd like to have you along to take care of us.'

'Yes,' added another, 'and we'd feel safer if we had a real good mother's boy along.'

These derisive remarks, however, were lost on Henry. He turned away and went to another part of the play ground.

The boys were absent when 'books' was called by the teacher and they were punished.

Nine years had passed and Henry was engaged in a mercantile house in the city. He had been in this position for three months. He liked the business, and his employer was beginning to feel that he had employed a young man of integrity—a young man who could be trusted. No great temptation, however, had appeared to turn the young man from his course.

He had made the acquaintance of some young men who were somewhat reckless, and these young men whom we shall designate as Tom, Dick, and Harry, came to him one evening at his boarding place with the intention of 'breaking him in,' as they called it.

'We want you to go with us and see the sights,' said Tom.

'And,' added Dick, 'we'll not let you get into any trouble. We merely want to show you city life as it is.'

'And,' continued Harry, 'you can then walk understandingly. You don't want to be called a greenhorn. We want you to be smart. We want you to see some of the wickedness of the world so that you can understand where you are at. We want to "break you in," so to speak. We want you now to commence to learn. We'll show you around and we'll see that you don't get into any trouble.'

Henry was willing to go. He didn't know just how these young men stood. They had been friendly, treated him well, and those who had spoken of them had said nothing derogatory to their character.

Henry went with them, and when they had walked and talked for awhile Dick proposed that they go into a saloon and have a drink.

'I don't drink,' said Henry.

'But it won't hurt you to take a soft drink.'

'I don't drink,' said Henry, 'neither hard nor soft.'

'Oh,' said Harry, 'don't be a dunce; come and take a drink. We want you to be like other people.'

'Now,' said Henry, as he straightened himself manfully, 'you have my answer. I don't drink. If you want to drink I will not detain you. I know the way to my boarding house. You can go your way, I can go mine. I would not take a drink of intoxicating liquor if by doing so I could gain the whole world. I'm what you might denominate a sot fellow. I promised my mother that I would never taste intoxicating liquor, and I will not.'

A loud laugh from the pretended friends was the answer to this.

'But,' said Tom, returning to the attack, 'We don't ask you to drink anything intoxicating. It was soft drinks we were talking about.'

'I class them all as intoxicating drinks,' said Henry. 'Good night. I am going home.'

Another shout of laughter followed him, but he cared not. He had unexpectedly found out the kind of friends they were, and he was thankful.

Ten years have gone into the cycles of the past. Henry has a prominent position in a large mercantile house in the city of N—. Tom went into the by-paths of the wicked and was accidentally killed while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. Dick is an outcast and Harry is considered a cipher.

'As ye sow so shall ye also reap.'—H. Elliott McBride, in 'United Presbyterian.'

Prohibition Don't Prohibit.

Under this caption the Rev. S. P. Richardson has a telling article in the Wesleyan 'Christian Advocate.' Among other things he says:

I spent two years in Dalton, Georgia, a dry town. I saw only one drunken man. One objector to prohibition said there was more whiskey drank in Dalton under prohibition than when they had seven whiskey shops! I told him I would give him twelve hours, and if he would find a gallon of whiskey in the town I would give him the whiskey and $10. He nosed round. I met him the next day, and asked him if he had found the whiskey. He claimed he was jesting.

I spent one year in Cartersville. I saw one drunken man and he came from Rome, a whiskey depot. I spent four years in Athens. I saw only one drunken man, and the jail was without an occupant most of the time. When I was in Cartersville I was told by some that there was more whiskey expressed in jugs than when they had grog shops. I went myself to the express office and examined the books, and they did not express a gallon a week to Catersville.

Mr. Richardson very pertinently asks:

If the people drink more under prohibition, why do the whiskey makers and venders so violently oppose prohibition?

A Teetotal Picture in a Police Court

Mr. Thomas Whittaker, who died recently at the age of 86, one day in the Court House at Scarborough, was struck with the appearance and composition of the Bench. There sat five magistrates, all white with years, their average ages being 81. They were all in good health and life, and all of them total abstainers. Four of them had been teetotalers for fifty years, and the youngest of the lot for more than thirty years.

The Curse of Strong Drink Fostered in Heathen Lands by Christian Nations.

A Methodist missionary in Angola says that the natives coming to sell their valuable rubber, are made drunk and cheated of the price, and that the path of their return inland is lined on either side with many shallow graves where the poor wretches, slain by the fiery liquor, have been hastily covered from sight.

Miss Shattuck, the heroine of the Armenian massacres, declares that in Turkey the drink curse is the heaviest the missionaries have to contend against. The Moslems quite uniformly obey the rule of the Koran forbidding all strong drink, and when they see so-

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or to some other friend.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

called Christians (not Protestants) becoming drunk they learn to despise Christianity. Because of these habits a common Moslem name for Christians is 'hogs.'

Bishop Thoburn, of India, says that 'the drink sold under government license in many parts of India is simply a curse to the poor creatures who in their ignorance spend their last penny in purchasing it. It is one of the most important questions of the day whether the millions of the eastern tropics are to be debauched and crushed by a traffic which recognizes no conscience, shows no mercy and is amenable only to a gospel of financial greed.

In India, Burmah and China the trade in opium, fostered by Christian nations and forced by them on the unwilling and bitterly protesting heathen, even exceeds the evil done by strong drink. Hudson Taylor says that opium in China 'is doing more harm in a week than the united efforts of all our Christian missionaries are doing good in a year.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Master's Work.

(Hope Daring, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

Two men stood on the street of a busy western city, talking eagerly of the three decades that lay between their graduation from college and the present. Thomas Lee, a merchant and one of the city's leading men, drew a long breath.

'How well you have fulfilled the promise of your consecrated young manhood, Ashley. When I think of your twenty-five years as a missionary, and all you have accomplished, it makes my own life seem empty.'

A grave smile curved Enoch Ashley's lips. With the wisdom won by companionship with God he said :

'Not so, old friend. During my fortnight's stay in Morgan, I have heard much of what you are to your fellow citizens. The Master's work is everywhere; your field of labor may seem a restricted one, but therein you work for the Christ.'

'Thank you for that reminder. So you go back to China next month. May God's presence in your heart bring you power to win souls.'

They talked a little longer, then parted. Thomas Lee passed on towards his place of business. He walked slowly, basking in the warm spring sunlight and thinking, with joy, of his friend's work in the foreign field.

Suddenly his steps stayed him. He was passing a saloon, one of the dens of iniquity wherein evil strove to hide her hideousness under a cloak of assumed beauty and luxury. With his hand upon the door was a young man whom Mr. Lee knew well.

'Good morning, Fred. May I speak with you a moment, please?'

Mr. Lee made the request without a moment's hesitation. While his lips framed the words he was vaguely conscious of wondering what he should say to Fred Martin that would, even for that time, carry him by the saloon.

'Workers together with God.' Why should one such fear the lack of all needed help? Ere the young man reached Thomas Lee's side, a topic of conversation that was of interest to both had come to the mind of the older man.

'It's about the free reading-room, Fred.' Mr. Lee began, affably. He walked on as he talked, and the other fell into step with him.

'You know we are keeping it open evenings. Some one volunteers to take charge, as we pay the matron only for day service. Could you go some evening this week? There is not much to do, only to see that order is preserved and the tables kept in readiness for readers. It's a good thing to have a young man in charge; he influences the half-grown boys who go there.'

'Why, I can go this evening,' young Martin said, after a moment's hesitation. 'I used to go there myself to read, but somehow I've dropped off.'

'Better take it up; a habit of reading good literature is one of a man's most valuable possessions,' Thomas Lee said, with a smile that woke a response on the other's face.

'Would you not be willing to take a place on the committee which has the room in charge?' Mr. Lee went on. 'There is a vacancy, and, as chairman, I have been asked to name some person for the place.'

After a little explanation of the duties of the committee, Fred Martin agreed to take the vacant place.

It took the couple but a few moments to reach Mr. Lee's store, but the time was long enough for the merchant to win from the other a promise to resume his neglected church attendance, and also to invite him for dinner the following evening.

They parted with a cordial handclasp. Thomas Lee entered his place of business, saying to himself.

'He is safe for to-day; I feel sure of that, but I must look after him. Poor boy! He has no home, no parents. But he is ambitious and clean-minded. I will help him to develop into the kind of a man that the Lord meant that he should be.'

In the meantime Fred Martin was also communing with himself. His head was thrown well back as he hurried on, eager to reach the office where he was employed and announce the successful transaction of the errand upon which he had been sent, and which had been attended to before his meeting with the merchant.

'I wonder ff Mr. Lee noticed where I was going. It—it makes me think of what my mother used to tell me about guardian angels. I believe Mr. Lee was sent to save me. I never went into a saloon alone, but I have been there with so-called friends in the last month. Well, I'll never go again. If a man like Thomas Lee is willing to trust me, I will show him that I am to be trusted. I will look up, up toward the heaven where my mother is and towards God.'

Ah, truly, the 'Master's work is everywhere.'

The First 'Band of Hope.'

Leeds has the honor of having given birth to the first 'Band of Hope.' Mrs. Ann Jane Carlile and the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliffe were the two who founded the movement, says a writer in the 'Strand.' They seem to have conceived the idea almost as simultaneously, and Mr. Carlile went to Leeds to consult Mr. Tunnicliffe, who was stationed there in 1847. The two agreed that the best way of making temperate men and women was to make Temperance a factor in childhood. They called a meeting of young children, and after addresses it was decided to start a 'Band of Hope,' whose members should all sign a pledge to refrain from strong drink. No fewer than 200 boys and girls signed there and then. Probably there are no fewer than twenty million people who have signed the pledge in various countries since that gathering.—'Alliance News.'

Fifty temperance women of the north and west sides of Chicago have organized to open club rooms for street car men, with the idea of attracting employes from the saloons. The plan is to rent rooms in the vicinity of each car barn, where the railroad men can rest while off duty.

Jubilee Coupons Pouring in.

A large number of subscribers are taking advantage of the Special Jubilee year-end trial rate subscription coupon, which appears in each issue. This special trial rate coupon is, of course, only available to those who have never taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness,' or lived with those who have taken it. This special rate is simply made to introduce the paper into new homes. With the coupon referred to, any of our readers who fulfil the conditions may have the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' for the rest of this year with the trifling sum of fifty cents. The 'Weekly Witness' is a twenty-four page newspaper, containing over four times as much matter as the 'Northern Messenger.' It has departments of special interest and value to every member of the family—including a very interesting Department devoted to agriculture.

See the coupon on another page.

HOUSEHOLD.

'Now I Lay Me.'

(By the Rev. W. Russel Collins, in the 'Episcopal Recorder.')

'Now I lay me'—low and sweet,
Said the prayer, with lisping tongue;
Tired little baby feet
Cease from toddling—day is done.

Day is done; yes, night is here;
Darkness follows hours of play;
Gowned for bed, each little dear
Learns at mother's knee to pray.

'Now I lay me'—soft the hymn,
Falling sweet from baby lips;
Eyelids drooping, light grows dim,
Soft cheeks warm the pillow slips.

'Down to sleep.' so soft they lie;
Safely, fear they naught of ill.
Angels guard them, from the sky,
Glad their watches to fulfil.

'Now I lay me down to sleep,'
Both are glad the day is done.
'Pray the Lord my soul to keep';
Tired of day—this day of fun.

Yes, 'tis a day of play time now,
Of romping, laughing, singing, fun.
But ev'ning shadows come not slow;
E'en babes are glad the day is done.

'Pray the Lord my soul to keep';
Lightly, now, they say the prayer,
Heedless of the meaning deep:
Free of sorrow; free of care.

The day is done—the day of fun;
The day of worry, toil and strife,.
Comes with the west'ring of the sun,
The welcome eventide of life.

Tired of day, we welcome night;
Glad we hail its quiet and sleep.
Yet, fraught with ill and dark its flight,
We pray Thee, Lord, our souls to keep.

Household Hints.

Betty's Mince Meat.

Betty planned to make a good supply of mince meat. It would keep through the winter, and Jack had a weakness for mince pies. Since Betty had mastered pastry, she felt that pies would give her very little trouble. So she went vigorously to work stoning raisins, shredding citron, cleaning currants and Sultana raisins, and boiling and chopping beef.

Of this beef she bought a lean piece, weighing a generous pound. This she boiled and minced, and put with it half a pound of beef-kidney suet, which she had freed from strings and crumbled. Two and a half pounds of tart apples were peeled, cored, and chopped, and this, with a pound of seeded and chopped raisons, a pound of well-cleansed currants, half a pound of Sultanas, carefully picked over, a scant half pound of finely-shredded citron, and a pound and a quarter of brown sugar were mixed with the beef and suet. Then in went the apples. A tablespoonful each of cinnamon and mace, half a tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice, half a nutmeg grated, and a heaping teaspoonful of salt were stirred in, and last of all a pint of grape juice was put in to moisten the mince meat. When it came to this stage of the proceedings, Betty discarded her wooden spoon, washed her hands again, rolled her sleeves above her elbows, and plunged her plump hands into the mixture, beating and stirring, until she was sure the compound was thoroughly blended. Then she turned the mince meat out of the big yellow bowl in which she had made it and into a stone crock with a cover and set it in a corner of her cellar.—Christian Terhune Herrick, in 'Success.'

Enamelled bathtubs are easily cleaned with warm water and soap. A few drops of gasoline on the cloth is also excellent for this work.

FOR EVERY SCHOOLHOUSE IN CANADA A CANADIAN FLAG

Every School House should have its Flag. Every one agrees to that. Perhaps that has done more at less cost than anything else to nationalize the mixed hordes that have poured into the United States. Across the border the Flag is much more in evidence than it is here.

"Ah, but it costs more than we can afford. It is a luxury. Dire necessities call for all our cash." That is in too many cases all too true. By our plan

IT WILL NOT COST YOU ONE CENT.

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Dear Sirs,—Your flag is a flag. No one thought it would be half as good, as, generally speaking, premiums are made of the cheapest material; but not so this time. The people in this section (Diova) are now satisfied at having obtained their flag so easily, and wonder why more of the neighboring schools did not take up the grand offer. Thanking you for your prompt attention to our subscription.

Yours truly,

E. C. COUPLAND.

St. Paul, Que.

Dear Sirs,—Please accept the hearty thanks of our school for the very handsome flag, which the 'Witness' has so kindly presented as a premium. The children feel abundantly rewarded for any trouble they took in securing subscribers. . . . . We have had several visitors already to see our flag, and the excellent quality of the materials used has received the admiration it merits. The seven books you sent us have proved a popular and acceptable addition to our library. . . . . .

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL M. DOULL.

Kamloops, B. C.

Dear Sir,—The flag arrived in good order a few days ago. It is in every way satisfactory. We are all very much pleased with it. The pupils saw me coming with the parcel, and immediately there was great excitement, but on opening the parcel their enthusiasm almost went beyond bounds. There is no doubt of their being good, loyal Canadians, and that you have helped them along this line. . . . .

Thanking you for enabling me to place so fine a flag in this school.

I am yours truly,

ALLAN BENNETT.

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Sacrificing Home to Business

(Charles Frederick Goss, in 'Husband, Wife, and Home.')

There is always danger of castigating an innocent party when one becomes a social critic. The pupils of one of the head masters of Eton have recorded of him that he found a row of boys standing in his study one morning, and without a moment's hesitation began to thrash them with his cane. They were too terrified to remonstrate until he had gone half-way down the line, when one of them plucked up courage enough to falter out: 'Please, sir, we're not up for punishment; we are the confirmation class.'

Most of the men upon whom the blows I am about to administer will fall may prove to be 'domestic models,' but I must strike out with the hope of hitting a guilty one among the innocent now and then.

There is a vicious circle in the reasoning of the modern business man. 'I want to make a happy home,' he says, 'and so must conduct a successful business; but to do this I must give myself to it body and soul.'

By sacrificing himself to his business he renders himself incapable of making a home. And he does it in this way: The best energies of his heart and mind are absorbed to such a degree in the conduct of some great commercial enterprise that he has nothing to contribute to domestic life when he comes home at night, like a squeezed orange.

The energies of a man are not like those of a river. The water that turns the wheel of a factory is exactly as able to turn that of a grist mill a quarter of a mile further down the stream. But the man who has poured out the last drop of his strength on the wheel of his business simply goes home empty to his family.

Among the most pitiful spectacles in this world I put that of the haggard, exhausted man of affairs sitting helpless and useless in the circle about the fireside. If he is not so nervous and fretful as to forbid all merriment, he is so used up that he cannot enjoy it. If he realizes his condition he decorates his face with a smile; but it is at best no better than a petrification. His mind is not on the scene or the subject. His thoughts are down at the shop or store. He scarcely hears the children when they speak.

Later in the evening his wife may try to engage his attention upon some problem of the domestic life. Billy has not been behaving well at school, or Mary is begging to take music lessons, or Bridget has 'given notice,' or most likely gone off without saying 'good-by.'

She does her best, poor woman, but even while she is talking she knows by the look of his eye that his mind is wandering.

'You aren't listening to a word I say. You don't care any more about your home than if it were a boarding-house,' she snaps.

'I guess if you had all my big burdens on your mind you'd find it as hard as I do to listen to tittle-tattle,' he replies.

'Who asks you to burden yourself in this way? I'm sure I don't.'

'Talk is cheap. You want an establishment, and it takes money to keep it up. You ought to know that a man can't earn money without the concentration of all his strength on business.'

For my part I would rather have less money and more husband.'

'Nonsense!'

'It's little enough you know about a woman's heart. What I long for beyond all earthly things is your love and sympathy. I need you to help me discipline the children. I want you to be interested in my household cares. I long to hear your old gay laugh. I hate that store. I hate business, I'm sick and tired of money and position. I want my lover back. I want to feel that he hears me when I speak. Can't you understand?'

'Eh? What? Excuse me, but I wasn't listening. I just happened to think of an order for one hundred dozen suits of underwear that I'll bet a twenty dollar bill that stupid shipping clerk has forgotten.'

Pitiful, isn't it? What are we going to do about it? It's getting worse all the time. There is so much truth in what the man says about the exactions of business that we cannot help pitying him. To succeed (or even not to fail) a man must keep strained up like a fiddle string. His competitors are after him with a knife and tomahawk day and night. If they would only be reasonable—he could. But they won't. The whole pack are as mad as March hares. There seems to be no 'middle way' to-day. A man must either 'get rich' or 'go broke,' and that in a mighty hurry. He must either march at the head of the procession or get out of the ranks entirely.

Nevertheless, the dilemma remains. This man must give more time to his home or he won't have any. What he has now isn't a home. It's only a house. If he has to sacrifice one thing or the other he had better sacrifice the business to the home than the home to the business. And if he says, 'How can you have a home without a business?' the answer is, 'A simpler home with a less exacting business.'

More love, more peace, more of the bliss of the fireside is what this age needs—not more fine clothes, bobtailed horses and long-tailed gowns.

Doesn't it sometimes seem as if we had lost our minds? One time a kindly old clergyman stopped by the side of a laboring man who was turning at a windlass, bareheaded, beneath a blazing sun. 'Hey, man,' said he, 'working without your hat is bad for your brains,' 'Faith, your riverence,' he replied, 'if it's any brains I had I wouldn't be working at this windlass at all!'

Sometimes when I catch myself and other dunces like me tearing along at breakneck speed, eager, impetuous, absorbed, struggling for pleasure or prizes that turn to ashes in our grasp and sacrificing the joys of home to attain them, I think we have as few brains as the Irishman. For I know (as well as I know my A, B, C's) that undue absorption in business means the almost inevitable destruction of home.

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A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions, and fifty percent (one-half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending three or more subscriptions at a time for the same paper.

NOTE.— New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

NOTE—These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, Transvaal, New Zealand, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, also to the United States, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' $3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' $1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' 50 cents extra; 'World Wide,' subscription price, including postage to foreign countries only $1.50.

NOTE. — Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between those and the above club rates to cover their expenses.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Colpoy's Bay, Ont., March 8.

Dear Sirs,—Seeing that you are celebrating your Diamond Jubilee this year I thought that it might not be out of place to write you a few lines. We have been taking the 'Witness' in our family almost continuously ever since I can remember, which is about thirty-seven years. My father and mother came to this Bruce peninsula thirty-nine years ago, when I was a little over a year old and among my earliest recollections is that of seeing some of the 'Witnesses' pasted on the wall upstairs in the little log-house that we then lived in, and when I was learning my A B C's I well remember studying out the big letters at the top of the front page of the 'Witness.' I was brought up on the 'Witness' and 'Witness' publications, and I assure you that I appreciate getting the news from all parts of the world through such a clean and conscientious paper. Yours respectfully.

L. C. PARROTT.

Rose Bay, N.S., March 12.

Dear Sirs,—I like the 'Witness' very much, and look upon it as the best newspaper in the country. I always advocate its claims. Yours truly.

W. C. PERRY,
Methodist Minister.

Cottonwood, Sask., March 2.

Dear Sirs,—Though we get the gossip of the world a week sooner through other sources, yet we cannot do without the reading matter contained in the Montreal 'Weekly Witness.'. Yours truly.

A. NEVILLE.

Hollywood, Cal., Feb. 27.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for about fifty years. In all those years it has been a power for good in home, city and state. You have been the unwearied friend of temperance and a stout advocate of reform in municipal affairs and purity in elections in the state. The 'Witness' is a credit to Canada and helpful in every good cause. You richly deserve all the praise you are daily receiving from your many friends. Yours sincerely.

S. MYLNE.

Toronto, March 1.

Dear Sirs,—I have taken the 'Weekly Witness' for many years, and look forward with pleasure to Wednesday evening to get my weekly visitor and with pleasure I sit down to con over the pages of the 'Weekly Witness,' especially the editorial pages, in which I find, as a rule, good wholesome thoughts on the leading questions of the day. I am pleased to see the many hearty congratulations you have received on reaching your Diamond Jubilee, and I join with the many and bid you God-speed in your work of faith and labor of love. Faithfully yours.

JOHN SALMON.

List of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award,

for the week ending Saturday, March 17.

Monday, March 12th.—W. H. Browning, Burin, Nfld	$4.40
Tuesday, March 13th.—John Tait, Carleton, N.B.	2.10
Wednesday, March 14th.—M. E. Smith, Hamilton, Ont..	5.50
Thursday, March 15th.—C. B. Taylor, St. Thomas, Ont..	3.00
Friday, March 16th.—Tom Cumming, Whitewood, Sask..	1.50
Saturday, March 17th.—Isabella Dixon, Toronto, Ont..	3.00

Moore, Ont., March 3.

Gentlemen,—I must say I got a surprise on receipt of the Bible. I opened it before the letter, and I could not understand why I had received such consideration. I am very much pleased to have it, as I had frequently wished to have one. The first copy I ever saw of your paper was in Scotland, in the year 1852, and I have read it more or less ever since, and for many years it has been a regular visitor, and is always welcome. Such papers as the 'Witness' are greatly needed in this wonderful and advanced age. Yours truly.

J. MORRISON, P.M.

Danville, Que., March 15.

Dear Sirs,—I received your red lettered illustrated Bible to-day, for which please accept my best thanks. Also congratulations on having attained to your Diamond Jubilee. Yours faithfully.

JAMES RIDDLE.

Summerside, P.E.I., Feb. 23.

Gentlemen,—I received my Bible all right, and though unexpected, am very much pleased with it. Kindly accept my thanks for same, and also my good wishes for the future prosperity of the 'Witness.' Yours respectfully.

T. D. RAMSAY.

White's Station, March 15.

Dear Sirs,—Thanks for the beautiful Bible you sent me. I am very much pleased with it. I also wish to congratulate you on your jubilee. I can remember the 'Witness' in our family ever since I was a small boy, some time in the fifties. With the exception of one or two years I have been a reader of the 'Witness' ever since I have come to look on it as an old friend. Long may it prosper.

JOHN TANNAHILL,

Arnprior, Ont., March 15.

Gentlemen,—Your beautiful gift of the Red Letter Bible reached me safely today, and I thank you very much for same. It is one of the best editions I have seen, and shall be prized by me very much. Every subscriber of the 'Witness' should exert himself to obtain one of them. Yours very truly.

E. FARMER.

Carbonear, Nfld., Feb. 21.

Gentlemen,—I am very pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a beautiful Bible, which came to me from you, as a present for the list of subscribers to the 'Witness,' etc., sent to you, and especially this red letter edition. I am pleased to get one, and prize it. I thank you very much.

Yours sincerely,

JAS. P. GUY.

Jubilee Coupon Offer.

Good if used within ten days of receipt of this issue.

THE 'WITNESS' ON TRIAL TO JAN. 1st, 1907,

for only **50** cents.

Any reader of the 'Messenger' who has never before taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' may have the **'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD'** to January 1st, 1907, by cutting out this Coupon and sending it with Fifty Cents addressed to

Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal

Dear Sirs,—As a reader of the 'Messenger,' who has neither taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' before, nor with others who did take it during the last two years, I am entitled to your trial offer of the 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead, to January 1st, 1907, at the Special Rate of 50 cents enclosed herewith.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona-fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those who cannot complete the 'Messenger' club required for any of the following premiums may still secure the premium desired by sending what 'Messenger' subscriptions they have taken at forty cents each, and 25 cents additional cash, instead of every subscription they are short of the required number. Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

"DIN."

Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who sends $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $1.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers.

OUTFIT NO. 2—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope, will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King'—The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number send 25c each. Thus, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under 8 pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive, in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains, and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and it many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from tenderest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet tory of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, postpaid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET, consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.